Good Friday.

Christ Church, N.Y., at half past Eleven o'Clock.

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Litany.

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Reproaches.

The Two Priests. O My people, what have I done unto thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me. Because I led thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

The Rulers of the Choir. Holy GOD, || Holy and Mighty, || Holy and Immortal, || Have mercy upon us. ||

The Choirs. Holy GOD, &c.

The Two Priests. Because I led thee through the wilderness forty years, and fed thee with manna, and brought thee into a land exceeding good, thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

The Rulers of the Choirs. Holy GOD, &c.

The Choirs. Holy GOD, &c.

The Two Priests. What could I have done more for thee that I have not done? I planted thee, indeed, My choicest vine, and thou hast turned for Me into exceeding bitterness; thou gavest vinegar to quench My thirst, and piercedst with a lance the side of thy Saviour.

The Rulers of the Choir. Holy GOD, &c.

The Choirs. Holy GOD, &c.

The Two Priests. Behold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the Saviour of the world.

The Choirs. We venerate Thy Cross, O LORD, || and praise | and glorify | Thy Holy Resurrection; || for behold | by the Cross | has come joy | to the whole world. ||

FAITHFUL Cross, above all others
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron;
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

Bend, O lofty tree, thy branches,
Thy two rigid sinews bend;
And awhile the stubborn hardness,
Which thy birth bestowed, suspend;
And the limbs of Heaven's High Monarch
Gently on thine arms extend.

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race forever
Might a port of refuge gain
With the sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

The Antiphons. Whilst the Maker of the world | suffered the punishment of death | upon the Cross, || He cried with a loud voice, | and gave up the Ghost; || and behold | the veil of the temple | was rent in twain || the graves opened, | and there was a great earthquake; || for the world cried out | that it was not able | to bear the death | of the SON OF GOD. ||

The soldier's lance | having opened the side | of the crucified LORD, || there came out Blood and Water, || for the purchase of our salvation. ||

O Admirable Price! | by Whose Costliness | the world has been redeemed | from captivity, || the gloomy prisons of hell | have been shattered, || and the gate of the Kingdom | has been opened for us! ||

THE COLLECTS.
THE EPISTLE.
THE GOSPEL.
COLLECTS.

The Service of the Three Hours' Agony.

Hymn 100 (Hymns Ancient and Modern.)
THE FIRST WORD, Hymn 77 (H. A. M.) 3 V.
THE SECOND WORD, " 140 "
THE THIRD WORD, " 98 "
THE FOURTH WORD, " 163 "
THE FIFTH WORD, " 96 "
THE SIXTH WORD, " 66 (Prayer Book.)
THE SEVENTH WORD, " 91 (H. A. M.)
Hymn 88 "